

THE COUNTRY FATHER-IN-LAW.

BY JOSEPHINE E. BARRY.

"Why do you deter me from going; you know my heart is set upon having a month or so of quiet and seclusion, and where am I so likely to find it as in the country?" said Harold Marshland to his friend Reece Ellington, as they walked down one of the principal streets of I—.

"Quiet! Seclusion!" repeated Reece in a contemptuous tone. "I'd like to know how long it is since you have begun to sigh for quiet; you, who are one of the most fun-loving fellows in town, must pack up and go into the country at the best of the season! Besides, Harold, you are crazy to think of going into the country where there will be no one to talk to you but a lot of bumpkins and ignorant clodhoppers and country girls who stammer and blush if you happen to look at them. You need only to point your finger at the girls when they will begin to giggle."

"That may be your version of the subject," said Harold, "but to me it will be a great relief to get away from this hot, bustling city and spend a season among the genial blue-jeans farmers and rustic belles. Who knows but I'll find in love with some country lass and present her to you as Mrs. Harold Marshland on my return. How would that suit you, old boy?" he went on, laughing heartily at the improbability of his own joke, and highly amused at his friend's discomfort.

"Very well. All I have to say is that I wish you joy, but do not admire your taste. Just think; some day when you are having a grand party at your magnificent residence on Fifth avenue, and have gathered together all the beauty and chivalry of your aristocratic circle, you will look down the street and see her father coming along, driving a covered wagon and pair of oxen, stop at your brown-stone mansion and march into the middle of your haughty guests, arrayed in cowhide boots, blue jeans and palm leaf. Then, to crown all, you will be obliged to introduce him to your friends as your much revered father-in-law!" replied Reece, laughing immoderately at the horrid picture he presented.

Harold joined good-naturedly in the laugh, and the two friends shook hands and separated for the night. Harold Marshland, after giving strict injunctions to the servants to call him early, went to bed, hoping to obtain a little rest during the time which intervened before his early departure the following morning.

He was up early the next day, and having drank the cup of coffee the servant brought him he snatched up his valise and went down stairs, where he encountered Reece Ellington waiting for him. "I came here only to catch your train, and to catch the morning train, which was to take one of them away from the city for a month at least."

"I know I shall enjoy the country, notwithstanding all your preaching, Ellington; and the only thing that worries me is that I can not persuade you to give up the city for awhile and accompany me. Perhaps my wife could accompany me—that is to be—might have a pretty, bashful sister that you might marry, and then we would have the same country father-in-law to be during our party seasons," said Harold, renewing the conversation of the preceding night with amusement.

"O, it's all very well for you to talk, but you can not get me to burn my fingers at the same stove with you; when you come back and find me married to the rich heiress, Miss Stanley, who is coming here next week, and the happy possessor of her fifty thousand dollars, perhaps you will change the tone of your argument," Reece replied dolefully.

"Ha, ha, Reece, if you succeed in catching her I shall say you are a clever fellow. But now I must say good-bye; as the train is starting and I might get left behind, in which case your chances for winning the heiress might be very small. So farewell, my dear friend, here is the train and I must away to Paris remote. The coast is clear, the field is open to you, so go and win your heiress and give my wife all your orders for pumpkin butter."

Harold Marshland leaned out of the car window watching the retreating form of his friend until it was hidden behind the carriages and vehicles surrounding the depot, and then drew a volume from his pocket and was soon interested in its contents. So absorbed was he that he was startled when the shrill whistle of the engine announced their arrival at the little station where he was to get off. He grasped his valise and sprang out on the platform.

A light spring wagon was waiting to convey him to his destination. He took a seat beside the driver and was soon speeding along the country road.

After a drive of about five miles from the station they drew up before a pretty white two-story house, surrounded by wheat and corn-fields, and from his seat in the wagon he could see a pretty sparkling brook flowing through the meadow.

He alighted and opening the gate, walked up the flower-bordered path toward the house where he was met by the housekeeper, who conducted him to his room and left him to rest before dinner.

Having finished his toilet, Harold sat down by the window to await the summons for refreshments. He was there but a few moments when the farmer, Stanley, the owner of the farm, emerging from behind the trees, and a smile flitted across his face as he recalled Reece Ellington's rally of the night before.

In the meantime the farmer had approached the house, and Harold saw that he was a tall, stout, stocky-looking man of about forty years. His hands and feet were very large, his hair long and his whiskers bushy; his face was tanned and weather-beaten, and his whole appearance the regular representation of the burly, awkward farmer. Reece Ellington had such an antipathy toward him.

Hearing the dinner-bell ring, Harold left his position by the window and his amusing inspection of the farmer and descended to the dining-room.

The housekeeper was the only occupant of the room, and she busied forward and placed a chair for him. Just as he was taking the proffered seat he heard the door open and the housekeeper say, "Mr. Marshland, allow me to introduce you to Miss Clara Stanley."

He turned and found himself face to face with the most beautiful creature he ever saw. When he heard her, in clear, ringing tones, welcome him to Oakwood, he bowed low in acknowledgment of her greeting, but all the time his eyes were expressing the admiration he felt for the beautiful being before him.

It was, indeed, a beautiful picture he gazed upon. The queenly-shaped head, crowned by a wealth of golden hair, the delicate pink and white complexion, the rounded, dimpled chin and full red lips, the large violet eyes, shaded by long sweeping lashes and curved brows, all tended to inspire one with awe and admiration as it did Harold Marshland.

The form of introduction being over they all sat down to the tastefully set table and tempting viands, and Harold must be for-

given if he looked more at the downward blushing face opposite him than he did at the viands before him.

The warm summer days flew by as birds on wing and many happy hours did Harold Marshland and Clara Stanley spend in each other's society, walking in the orchard, sitting beneath some shady tree while he read poetry or some interesting book and she listening in rapturous silence to his low, melodious voice and watching the changing expression of his handsome countenance. Thus day after day they were together until each felt that without the other life would be a void.

Summer deepened into autumn, and at last business made it necessary for Harold to return to the city. But he determined not to go for long before this he decided that Clara Stanley and none other should be his wife.

Things were in this state, when one chilly day in October Harold received a letter from Reece Ellington which was full of the most exuberant joy, declaring that all his hopes had been fulfilled. He had not only succeeded in winning the heiress, but as he said, one of the handsomest creatures this side of the Atlantic, and that they were to be married in about three weeks; that she and her aunt were on their way home to make preparations for the wedding, and that he was to follow them in two weeks to claim his bride and make the acquaintance of her relatives. I do not know who these relatives are, he said, as I never heard them mentioned before. In fact, I thought she had no other living relatives except her aunt with whom she was traveling, and was a rumor said was immensely rich, but I suppose it is all right, as rumor is not always to be trusted.

At any rate I shall soon know everything, as I am to go to her home in two weeks and find out for myself. Then he went on, plugging Harold about the country and country girls until he could scarcely read from laughing at his witticisms. He wondered what Reece Ellington would say if he knew that everything he had predicted had come true for he was on the eve of asking Clara to be his wife, notwithstanding the prospect of having the blustering, unorthodox farmer for his father-in-law, who would no doubt be a target for his friend's sarcasms. Fitting the letter away he went forth to join Clara, whom he espied walking among the trees.

They walked through the grounds until the clouds of night were falling, and as they turned to go indoors he turned to her and said:

"Come, let us go in and tell your father that you have consented to be my wife and obtain his blessing and permission."

"Harold," she replied, "I have no father, and a look of contrition crossed her glowing countenance. 'My father has been dead for three years.'"

"No father? Why, Clara, is Mr. Stanley not your father; and what do you mean by saying your father is dead?"

"It is true, Harold, I am not Mr. Stanley's daughter. He is only a distant cousin of my father's, whom he appointed guardian over me when I was a child. I came here only to visit with my aunt, Mrs. Ellington, and to do so afterward to I—n, but when we arrived I was so delighted with country life and the generous-hearted country people that I resolved to remain during the remainder of the season. But my aunt had some important business to transact, and I could not continue my journey she took my cousin, Berenice Stanley, with her. I received a letter from Berenice last Monday, stating that she was to be married to Mr. Reece Ellington, and we are expecting her home in a few days to make preparations for her wedding."

"Mr. Harold, you must forgive me for my deception; I did not intend to deceive you at first, but when you took it for granted that I was Mr. Stanley's daughter I did not correct your mistake. The housekeeper and others also observed it and thought it would be a good joke to let you still think so."

"Still I hope you will like me none the less when I tell you that instead of being Mr. Stanley's daughter I am Mrs. Ellington's niece and heiress."

Had a thunder-bolt fallen before him Harold could not have been more astonished than he was at this revelation. The very idea of Reece Ellington marrying a farmer's daughter, who had sooted at and made fun of country people, had himself selected a wife from among them. Oh, it was too much, and dropping into the nearest seat, he gave vent to his feelings in hearty peals of laughter. At first Clara supposed he was becoming insane, but when he explained the cause of his merriment she too joined in the laugh at the turn affairs had taken.

A few days after Reece and his promised bride arrived, and when he was introduced to Farmer Stanley, and explanations followed, his astonishment and chagrin may be imagined better than described. But although he was greatly disappointed at first, on account of Harold's teasing, he soon recovered his equanimity, for he was truly attached to Berenice, and would not permit such trifling annoyances to interfere with his happiness.

Two weeks after there was a grand double wedding at the house, near by, and no happier couple could be found than Reece Ellington and his bonny bride, notwithstanding the fact that it was his and not Harold's bride who made the pumpkin butter that was used at the wedding, and forgetting his aversion to a country father-in-law, he performed the duties of a son-in-law and resided with them in the city, and often laughed at the way he got his country bride.

Custard Pie.—Beat three eggs slightly, add three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one salt-spoonful of salt and one salt-spoonful of nutmeg, if liked. Pour three cups of scalded milk, strain into a deep white lined with paper. Bake slowly, and the moment it puffs and a knife-blade comes out clean it is done.

Boston Pudding.—One cup of chopped suet, one cup of raisins, stone and chopped, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of salt and one of soda; steam for three hours.

The rain and misery suffered by those who are afflicted with dyspepsia are indescribable. The distress of the body is equalled or surpassed by the confusion and torments of the mind, thus making its victims suffer double affliction. The relief which is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla has caused thousands to be thankful for this great medicine. It dispels the causes of dyspepsia, and tones up the digestive organs. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Potato Salad.—Boil six or eight potatoes, and when cold cut them in very thin slices; a salad bowl must then be rubbed with half a clove of garlic; some finely chopped chervil or parsley thrown over the potatoes in the bowl, and pepper, salt, oil and vinegar poured over the whole, and well stirred; the quantity of oil should be in the proportion of one tablespoonful to less than one tablespoonful of white French vinegar.

Men of sedentary habits—preachers, lawyers, clerks, bookkeepers and others—are particularly liable to nervous complaints, lack of vital force and the various other symptoms of a weakened and debilitated system. What such men want is a tonic and the preparation that fills their case exactly is Miesher's Herb Bitters, compounded from an ancient German formula and made up from the most wholesome herbs. As an appetizer it has no peer.

R. R. R.

Radway's Ready Relief

The Cheapest and Best Medicine FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD CURES AND PREVENTS

Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat.

Hoarseness, Inflammation,

Rheumatism, Neuralgia,

Headache, Toothache,

Diphtheria, Influenza,

Difficult Breathing

It was the first and is the only

PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains

Inflammation and cures Congestion

of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or of the

glands or organs, by one application.

In From One to Twenty Minutes

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain

the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Inflamed, Oppressed

Nervous, Neuralgia, or protracted with disease may

suffer.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of

the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Conges-

tion of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Heart, Hiv-

teries, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza,

Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Rheumatism, Sciatica,

Pain in the Chest, Back or Limbs, Bruises,

Sprains, Cold Chills and Ague Chills.

The application of the READY RELIEF to

the part or parts where the difficulty or pain is

felt will afford instant relief.

Thirty to sixty drops in half a tumbler of water

will in a few minutes cure Croup, Spasms, Sore

Stomach, Hoarseness, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea,

Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all

terminal pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of Rad-

way's Ready Relief with them. A few drops in

water will prevent sickness or nausea from change

of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bi-

tters as a stimulant.

MALARIA.

In Its Various Forms,

FEVER AND AGUE

FEVER AND AGUE cured for Months. There is

no remedial agent in the world that will cure

Fever and Ague and all other Malarious Bilious

Disorders, and other Fevers, caused by RADWAY'S

PILLS so quickly.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Fifty Cents Per Bottle. Sold by All Drug

Stores.

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bones and

clear skin. If you have your flesh and your

bones sound, without caries, and your com-

plexion clear, use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN

RESOLVENT.

Great Blood Purifier.

FALSE AND TRUE.

We extract from Dr. Radway's "Treatise on Dis-

ease and its Cure," as follows: List of diseases

cured by DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

Chronic skin diseases, caries of the bone, humor

of the blood, scrofulous disease, syphilis, com-

plaints, fever, sore, chronic or old ulcers, skin

rheumatism, rickets, white swelling, scald head, can-

cers, glandular swellings, nodes, wasting and de-

cay of the body, pimples and blotches, tumor

dyspepsia, kidney and bladder diseases, chronic

rheumatism and ague, consumption, gravel and

calculous deposits, and varieties of the above

complaints, to which sometimes are given spe-

cial names. In cases where the system has been

ruined, and mercury has accumulated and be-

come deposited in the bones, joints, etc., caries

of the bones, rickets, spinal curvature, con-

tortions, white swellings, disease, veins, etc., the

Sarsaparillian will remove these deposits and

exterminate the virus of the disease from the

SSS.

The Supreme Balm.

ATLANTA, Sept. 23, 1884.—From experience I think

S. S. S. is a very valuable remedy for cutaneous dis-

eases, and at the same time an invigorating tonic.

JAMES JACKSON, Chief Justice of Georgia.

AN AGED BAPTIST MINISTER.

Two More Important Cases.

Your agent being in Columbus, Ga., a few days

ago, and meeting the venerable brother J. H.

Campbell, we asked him for the news. His reply

was: "I have two more important cases effected

by Swift's Specific to report. This venerable man

is now far and wide for his unremitting labors

of love in behalf of the poor of Columbus. It will

be remembered that the Swift Specific Co. has de-

voted quite an amount of their famous medicine

to be distributed by Mr. Campbell among the poor

of the city; hence his remark. He said:

"I have just seen a lady who has been greatly

afflicted by a fever in one of her hands. It had

given her much trouble and pain. She said she

had been treated by several physicians during the

past three or four years with the old remedies,

but without giving any relief. I suggested Swift's

Specific, and she took four bottles and is now ap-

parently perfectly well. Her hand is smooth and

not a single sign of the disease left. It is marvellous

how this medicine renovates the system."

"What about the other case?"

"Well, that was a lady also. She had been af-

fected with the eczema for four years. Her face,

hands and arms, as well as her body, was covered

over with sores and itching. It was one of the worst

cases of this terrible disease that I have ever seen.

The suffering of the poor creature was beyond ex-

pression. She tried every remedy at command,

including mercury and iodine of potash, but she

only grew worse. She was in this condition when

I first saw the case. It was one of the most re-

markable cases that has come under my observa-

tion."

"Campbell, you have had a long and varied

experience in mingling with men and observing

their afflictions and the remedies used—what is

your opinion as to the merits of Swift's Specific?"

"In a ministry of sixty years I have mingled

with every class of society, and have observed

the most difficult diseases which afflict hu-

manity. Blood diseases are the most numerous

and the most difficult to remove. It is my daily

judgment that Swift's Specific is the grand

blood purifier ever discovered. There is nothing

comparable to it. It is nothing too good to

say about Swift's Specific."

Treatise on the Merits of Swift's Specific.

The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

THE ONLY TRUE

HARTER'S

IRON

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Will purify the blood, and

cure the LIVER and KIDNEYS

and RESTORE THE HEALTH

of the system. It is a

Purifier of the blood, and

restores the system to

its normal condition. It

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OFFICIAL COPY OF STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

UNITED STATES BRANCH OF THE

Liverpool and London, and Globe Insurance Company,

On the 31st Day of December, 1884.

Located at Nos. 45, 47 and 49 William Street, New York City. James E. Pulsford, Resident Manager.

Home Office: Liverpool, England.

THE ASSETS OF THE COMPANY IN THE U. S. ARE AS FOLLOWS:

Cash on hand, and in the hands of Agents or other persons	\$ 707,182 15
Real estate unencumbered	1,260,482 00
Bonds owned by the Company, bearing interest at the rate of — per cent, secured as follows:—Market value:	
United States 4% Bonds	\$ 474,740 00
United States 5% Bonds	344,750 00
United States 6% Bonds	44,225 00
City of Boston 5% Bonds	219,849 00
City of Richmond 8% Bonds	6,000 00
City of N. Y. (Gold 6%)	21,000 00
Loans on Bonds and Mortgages of Real Estate, worth double the amount for which the same is mortgaged, and free from any prior incumbrance	1,580,758 75
Debts otherwise secured—Loans on life policies	14,125 00
Debts for premiums	40,192 18
All other securities	29,255 92
Total Assets	\$ 5,341,471 53

LIABILITIES IN U. S.

Amount claimable under perpetual policies</
